

**All I Wanted was to be Somebody Someone Could Believe in by
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Summary:

Hanzo was having a shit day. McCree could tell, he had a sixth sense about these things. And, considering he'd recently had the pleasure of falling deep, deep in love with Hanzo, he decided he was gonna do something about it.

After all, he sure as shit wasn't gonna let his loverboy go around hurting like that all day.

All I Wanted was to be Somebody Someone Could Believe in

Author's Note:

Title is lyrics from Grapevine Valentine by Kingsfoil, so don't you think for one second that I'm actually good at coming up with titles for things.

Anyway, wanted to write something from McCree's POV bc I can mentally write the whole thing in my southern accent instead of my regular one... I grew up in North Carolina haha

Hanzo was having a shit day. McCree could tell, he had a sixth sense about these things. He always said he was only good for a few things—slinging bullets was first on the list 'course—reading people among them. *Empathetic*. That's what Mercy called it. *Bullshit*, was how McCree had wanted to respond, but it was Mercy, and had this aura that made you feel like she'd strike you down if you cursed around her.

Still, since he was apparently so *sensitive* and *intuitive*, it didn't take him long to catch onto Hanzo's sour mood.

Then again, the whole thing probably had nothing to do with McCree's people skills, because anyone with a functioning pair of eyes and a half-functioning—no, even quarter-functioning—brain could tell that Hanzo was unusually pissy.

No small wonder, either, 'cause he'd apparently been given clearance to Overwatch's files on Genji. Yeah, one big fat reminder of how much he'd fucked up? McCree could sympathize, and he knew it was like a one-way trip to the seventh circle of hell. And, considering he'd recently had the pleasure of falling deep, deep in love with Hanzo, he decided he was gonna do something about it.

After all, he sure as shit wasn't gonna let his loverboy go around hurting like that all day.

His plan brought him to Pharah, of all people, and it took him a little bit of begging to get her to go with him on this one. Weird enough, she only got on board once she found out he was doing the whole thing for Hanzo. Apparently it was “cute.” Bull. McCree walked down the halls of the base huffing something about being “so not cute,” a pair of little ceramic dishes in his hands. No one stopped him on the way, prob’ly because muttering under one’s breath wasn’t never a good sign.

He wasn’t actually annoyed, though, just a little tickled with embarrassment, the way he always got when someone openly approved of his relationship with Hanzo. It was more ‘cause the whole thing was *new* and all. He’d never really done anything other than a whole mess of one-night stands before Hanzo. He was pretty sure he liked this better.

Now, to find that prickly sonuvabitch he was head-over-heels for.

Hanzo was, naturally, wandering around the most remote parts of the base, probably trying to get away from people. McCree caught him pacing so hard he’d wear a hole through the damn floor if he kept at it, and for a snap, he thought about leaving him alone. If Hanzo wasn’t in the mood for people, would he be in the mood for McCree? After all, McCree totaled somewhere around the energy level of five people, give or take.

He went for it anyway, because he was too damn twitterpated. “Darlin’,” he greeted Hanzo, who stopped mid-pace and turned to look at him.

“Oh. Jesse,” he said, and McCree knew he hadn’t bothered Hanzo too much. He was only “Jesse” when Hanzo was pleased to see him.

“Doin’ alright?”

Hanzo sighed, pursed his lips, and neglected to answer. Well, insofar as words meant, that is. He did cross the room and bury his head right in McCree’s shoulder, breathe in deep. McCree knew he smelled like cigar smoke and whiskey (he’d downed a shot—or two—before walking over), but Hanzo wasn’t complaining, because, as he’d confessed once, he thought McCree’s cigars smelled nice. He just tucked his arms under McCree’s and hugged him.

“Hey, now,” McCree said, “that bad?”

“Yes.” It was all he said.

“’S alright, sweetpea. You’ve had a rough one.”

Hanzo made a little noise that sounded like an agreement.

“My room okay?” They still had separate quarters, although when they slept together, it was normally in McCree’s room. Bigger bed, and McCree didn’t have to worry about throwing off the privacy of Hanzo’s room. He respected that kinda thing.

Hanzo made another noise. This one sounded even more affirmative.

“Mmkay. You’re gonna have to let go if we wanna walk anywhere,” McCree said gently, hoping he wasn’t patronizing. They went back to his room with McCree’s hand warm in the middle of Hanzo’s back, comfortably. He kissed the top of Hanzo’s head in the doorway, ‘cause he could reach it easy. Once they were inside, he untied the sash in Hanzo’s hair and let it fall, massaging his scalp a little with one hand. McCree hardly ever put his hair up, since it wouldn’t fit under the hat quite right, but when he did, it always made his head a little sore. He figured Hanzo must’ve been used to it, but he still relaxed into McCree’s touch and sighed with a little less hurt in him already.

“Take a seat on the bed, okay?” McCree suggested, and Hanzo kissed him on the cheek before doing so.

“Jesse,” Hanzo said, while he stripped out of everything except his shirt and his jeans, his belt buckle falling to the floor with a jarring clang, “what are these?” He was holding one of the little ceramic dishes, kind of squarish but with blunted sides.

“What do they look like? They’re candles,” McCree said.

Hanzo looked at him dubiously, but set down the candle and took off the other half of his shirt. “Why do you have candles?”

“B’cause. It’s romantic.” He said it with a grin, and Hanzo rolled his eyes, but he was smiling too. He sat on the bed, one hand resting on the knee-guard of his prosthesis, like he couldn’t quite decide whether or not to take it off. “And,” McCree continued, tugging his lighter out of his back pocket and catching one of the wicks, “these’re special.”

“How so?” Hanzo asked.

McCree knelt in front of him, laid a hand on his knee like he was asking for permission. Hanzo nodded, and he continued to talk while he felt around behind Hanzo’s knee for the catch on his prosthetic legs, first the left, then the right. “Well. When they melt, they don’t just turn into wax, y’see, they’re like... massage oil. Was hoping you’d let me rub you down, work out some of that tension.”

“I... would appreciate that, yes. But. I don’t. Hmm...”

“Speak up, sweetheart.”

“I’m not in the mood for sex tonight.” Hanzo said it like he was upset about it. No. That wasn’t quite right. He said it like he thought McCree’d be upset about it. Which, ‘course, he wasn’t. He was a goddamn gentleman.

“Ain’t no big deal,” McCree said. “Still in the mood to be touched?”

“I am.”

“’S good. Back first, then?”

Hanzo smiled a little at McCree’s casual acceptance of his needs for the night, and he turned onto his stomach, folding his arms under his head, which he turned to the side, his hair spilling out over the pillows, a distinct bend in it where it’d been tied back all day. McCree ran his fingers through Hanzo’s hair first. He always did that with his still-fully-attached hand, because he wasn’t sure if the prosthetic one would catch and tug on Hanzo’s hair, and he wouldn’t wanna do that. Plus, this way, he could feel it.

“Alrighty, sweet thing, mind if I sit right below your ass?”

“So long as you can keep your arousal under control.”

McCree grinned, swinging a leg over Hanzo’s thighs and settling in. “My baby knows how goddamn sexy he is,” he crooned, the words addressed to nobody in particular.

Hanzo took a sharp breath in, McCree could see it in his back.

“Something up?” he asked.

“I liked that,” Hanzo said, and McCree was pretty damn sure that if he weren’t burying his face in his hands, he’d be able to see Hanzo blushing. “You... calling me yours.”

“I’m yours too, you know that, right?”

“Yes. It was implied.” Hanzo tipped his head enough that McCree could see his smile. Lotta people on the base thought Hanzo never smiled, but McCree knew the truth. It just took a little bit of... coaxing.

McCree reached up to grab the lit candle, his metal fingers clinking against the ceramic. He turned his opposite arm over and tipped the candle so some of the oil fell in a few irregular drops on his wrist; he sure as hell wasn’t gonna use it on Hanzo without trying it first. Didn’t hurt; it wasn’t any warmer than holding a hot cup of coffee.

“Ready?”

“Mm-hm.”

He poured the oil in a horizontal trail from one of Hanzo’s shoulders to the other, paying close attention to any catches in Hanzo’s breath, any sign that he didn’t like it. He got none, just a little curious glance back at him, but Hanzo couldn’t see anything anyway. The candle’s little spout wasn’t precise enough to make any detailed markings (at least not in his hands), but he did draw a smiley face on the middle of Hanzo’s back. Hanzo chuckled, so McCree was pretty damn sure he could feel what it was.

Maybe if they tried this again and Hanzo was feeling a little rowdier, he'd draw something naughty.

McCree set the candle back on the nightstand and set his hands on Hanzo's back. Even all relaxed like he was, there was tension running like a river delta through him; soon as McCree worked it out of one estuary, it flowed into another. "Goddamn, baby," he said, "your back sure knows how to tie itself into knots."

"Hmm. Suppose it does."

It took a long time, took careful, firm movements of both his hands, but Hanzo started to unlock. The oil helped, making his fingers move more smoothly against Hanzo's skin. McCree paid special attention to his neck, and along the areas that tensed up when he drew his bow. His right shoulder, in particular, but the tightness continued all the way down to his lower back. He knew it'd go across Hanzo's chest, too, from the splay of his arms when he pulled his bowstring taut. McCree could tell he'd gone out to the range and unleashed his feelings into a flurry of arrows. But that was sticking stress on top of stress, and it was giving him this *huge* knot right under his shoulder blade.

Once McCree had worked out all the knots and just about turned Hanzo to jelly underneath him, he ran his hands over Hanzo's body slow and steady, feeling out the shapes of his muscles with blunt fingertips. His metal hand was warm now, having leached Hanzo's body heat.

"You want me to get your front, too? No funny business, my hand to god."

"Which hand?" Hanzo joked. He made no effort to move, but maybe he was just happy where he was.

"This one, o'course," he said, squeezing Hanzo's shoulder with his right.

"Alright, but," he began, shifting a little. The motion was kinda awkward, like he felt uncomfortable, and McCree got off him as quickly as he could without damn near kicking him in the head. "Hmm. I'm hard." He said it

with his head turned toward McCree which didn't exactly *help*, more than anything, his neutral expression was just confusing.

"Not surprised," McCree said, brushing casual onto the situation like it'd do some good, "it's a natural reaction when a fine individual like myself is involved." That got a smile out of Hanzo. "Want me to do anything about it?"

He sighed. "Not particularly."

"Alrighty then."

Hanzo rolled over, and this time, McCree had to carefully avoid the bulge in his pants. The whole thing had some kinda novelty to it—normally, he was doing everything he damn well could to get right up on Hanzo like this, but this time, he was gentle as could be.

He didn't bother with the candle this time; his hands were already plenty oiled up and reaching for it would push him further up Hanzo's body than Hanzo wanted him right now. McCree started on his right, both hands moving from his shoulder down to his pec, keeping the movements methodical and practical. Though, he had to admit, he enjoyed feeling up Hanzo's chest like this. He switched to the other side, but not before grabbing a good handful and squeezing. "You're damn beautiful, darlin'."

"I'm aware of your feelings on the matter," Hanzo acknowledged him. His hands were on McCree's knees, a loose grip, fingers feeling out the worn denim under them.

"How're you feelin' now?" McCree asked him after he worked out the tension on the other side. His fingers lazily traced over Hanzo's tattoo, knuckles following it from his chest to his shoulder.

"Better," Hanzo said, one hand coming up to McCree's shoulder, fingers curling in the collar of his shirt. He pulled McCree down so he could plant a kiss on him, short and sweet, lips barely pursed. "Thank you, Jesse."

“Ain’t no big deal,” McCree said. Hanzo let him up and he puttered around the room a bit, blew out the candle, rinsed the rest of the oil off his hands. Weird enough, it had his prosthetic arm moving more smoothly than before. Maybe he should’a expected that, though. Hanzo watched him idly while he brushed his teeth, then changed into a pair of sweats and a T-shirt, and he curled up into McCree when he got into bed.

“Jesse,” he said, catching McCree’s attention. “I want to let you know something.”

“Whass’up?”

Hanzo’s eyes were almost all the way closed. “I love you.”

McCree had said it to Hanzo before, normally a quick, “love ya, darlin’!” when Hanzo pinned some sorry asshole who was trying to shoot McCree’s brains out with an arrow to the shoulder. He’d said it to him in the heat of the moment, as it were, too, between a half-dozen curses and at least one sugary nickname.

Hanzo had never said it back before, though. McCree had told him it was okay, after all, Hanzo clearly *liked* him well enough. And Hanzo was the type not to say things like that ’til he really *meant* it.

So it was no small wonder his words had McCree grinning like a madman and peppering Hanzo’s entire face with butterfly kisses. “Darlin’,” he said, “baby. I love you so much, y’know that, right?”

“Of course I do.”

They settled into sleep slowly, bodies loose and warm against each other, and McCree realized he’d been resting a hell of a lot easier since Hanzo started taking up the other half of his bed.

Author’s Note:

Hit me up on tumblr @luddlestons or on my NSFW tumblr @seldula if you wanna hear me yell some more about these boys!